

**Capt. Adam Curry, an Officer of the Revolution.**

A generation since, one of the best known characters in West Highland, Va., was Captain Adam Curry, a Revolutionary veteran. One of his grandsons, William Curry, Esq., is a well known citizen of Pocahontas County, and hence some items respecting him will be of interest to many of our readers.

Captain Curry was a native of Scotland, and came to America soon after the siege of Londonderry, and resided several years near Manassas Junction. He was among the first to enlist in the war of the Revolution, and was chosen captain of his company, and participated in all the engagements in which Virginia troops were engaged that followed Mercer and Washington. Soon after the war he gathered up the remnants of his property and emigrated to Augusta County, and located in the Back Creek Valley on property now owned by William Crummett, in south-west Highland.

He settled in the woods, and raised a large family of sons and daughters. He was honest in his dealings, and was held in much esteem for his high sense of honour and patriotic impulses. It seems almost too strange to be believed that he would not accept a pension offered him for his services as a brave and faithful officer in the Revolutionary struggle. He always declared that the service was its own reward. Instead of being a hardship, military service was the greatest pleasure of his life. He desired no better recompense than the fun he had and the pleasure it gave him to see liberty secured for his invaded country. He was proverbially neat in dress and polished in his manners. To the close of his life, some forty or fifty years since, he dressed in the colonial style; knee-breeches, long stockings, and shoes with silver buckles.

He was a diligent and thoughtful reader of the best books he could procure, and was well informed as to current events, keenly alive to all political questions bearing on the welfare of his country. He knew what it cost to purchase independence and start the government.

He retained his habits of court life as to his diet and sleeping as long as he lived. He died at the age of 105 years, with but few signs of decrepitude visible. To the last he was erect as a young grenadier, cheerful in spirit, and mental faculties active apparently as ever. His remains are in the Matheny grave-yard, near the Rehobeth church in the Back Valley, a few miles from his home.

A European traveller spent some time near Manassas, where Captain Curry lived before his removal to Highland. He speaks of meeting a party of gentlemen on a tavern porch: "No people could exceed these people in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the piazza every countenance seemed to say, 'This man has a double claim to our attention, for he is a stranger in the place.' In a moment there was room made for me to sit down, and every one who addressed me did it with a smile of conciliation. But no man asked me where I had come from or whither I was going. A gentleman in every country is the same; and if good breeding consists in sentiment, it was found in the circle I had got into. The higher Virginians seem to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest monarch on earth. There is a compound of virtue and vice in every human character; no man was ever yet faultless; but whatever may be advanced against Virginians their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects, and when the effervescence of youth has been abated, when reason asserts her empire, there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt of easiness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling than a Virginian." Having lived for years in such society, we are prepared to believe all that has been written and told about Captain Adam Curry.

Come to the TIMES OFFICE for job-work.

**A State Flower.**

In a recent issue of the Greenbrier Independent, Dr. Archer Atkinson, of Baltimore, writes interestingly on the flora of West Virginia. He suggests that the wild honeysuckle should be chosen as the State flower, and hence West Virginia should be known as the Honeysuckle State. It would be hard to find a region more interesting than West Virginia to persons inclined to study plants; persons inspired with the spirit that prompted Shakespeare to make Lawrence the Friar say, "O mickle is the powerful grace that lies in herbs, plants, and their true qualities." Among the plants imbued with "powerful grace" is the winter-green or teaberry in which is found the solicylic acid, so much relied on in compounding rheumatic remedies. Another is the pokeroor, whose extract is an ingredient in the elixer of the Three Iodides, so renowned. In recent rheumatic treatment. "The powerful grace that lies" in snakeroot, dogwood, willow, and boneset makes them our best tonics. In virtue of the "powerful grace" that lies in red sage, punk, turpentine of the pines, white oak, and sumac, the chemist derives from them useful agents in checking hemorrhage. The same in mullein, balm of gilead, wild cherry, and poplar buds make these plants useful in furnishing the best expectorants. The best diuretics are derived from the fox-glove, violet, and broom sedge, and from the poppy, hemp, and hen-bane. Their "powerful grace" furnishes the narcotics for the medical profession. Dr. Atkinson gives all these, and many others, an appreciative notice, but he finds more in the honeysuckle to recommend it to the proud eminence of being regarded in "the proud light of a State flower."

**Obituary.**

On the evening of the 1st inst, about the time the illuminating orb of day was reaching the western horizon, the stern angel of death visited the home of Mr. William A. Bruffey, on Hill's Creek, and with his sickle keen did reap a sheaf for the "garners in the skies, in the person of his eldest daughter, Miss L. E. Bruffey.

Lizzie was born December 18th, 1878, and had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for nearly six years. She bore her sufferings patiently, and in the end triumphed in death, having been enabled, in the last audible words spoken on earth, to give to her friends the comforting assurance that her faith in Christ had not been in vain, and that she was going "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Lizzie was a bright and promising young lady, and bid fair for a long and useful life, but, alas! "In the midst of life we are in death." The bereaved have the sympathy of the entire community. Then, father, mother, watch and pray: Till Jesus bids you come, To meet that pure and spotless soul That God has taken home.

J. B. GRIMES.

**Sheep-Killing Dogs.**

Tom Ferguson, the one-legged colored man, of Mill Point, is minus two fine "yaller dogs." They had been suspected of sheep-killing, and were taken in the act last Saturday by Mr. William Auldridge. He arrived just in time to drive them off, and they only got one sheep. The sheep belonged to W. McClintic, of Buckeye. He sent Hamp Galford to do the execution act. Uncle Tom was scared when the man and the gun arrived, and did all in his power to facilitate the departure of the unhappy dogs.

Mr. Ponick Wallace of Pocahontas county, was down Tuesday to meet his brother, Fred, returning from the Law School at the University of Virginia.—Greenbrier Independent.

**A Slander on The State.**

A woman was standing in the door of the West Virginia cabin when I rode up to it, and saluting her, she saluted me in return. "Does William Mixley live here?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied "What do you want uv him?" "Hasn't he a walnut tree for sale?" "Yes, 'n that's about all he's got."

"Is he at home?" "No." "When are you looking for him?" "I ain't lookin' for him."

"He hasn't left the country, has he?" "Not as I knows-uv."

"Where is he?" "He's gone down to pap's."

"Then of course you're looking for him back. Old man Gullion is your father, isn't he, and he only lives a mile or so down the road?" "Yes, but I isn't looking for him back."

"Why not?" And by this time I had begun to think the woman was a little daft.

"Caze he's gone down to see pap about a hog he says pap stole from him night afore last, an' pap is the shootin'est man in this part."

I had heard of Mr. Gullion on several previous occasions, and the lady, after brief explanation, seemed much less daft than previously.—Detroit Free Press.

**Rev. Watkins Lacy, son of Rev. Dr. M. L. Lacy, and a student at Union Theological Seminary, will spend the summer preaching in the Big Spring region of Pocahontas county. He passed through Lewisburg yesterday in route to his post of duty. Mr. Lacy will complete the course at the Seminary next session.—Greenbrier Independent.**

**Joy at Last.**

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

The price of beef may be 'way up and mighty hard to raise, And the silver question worry us in many woeful ways, And an overdose of Trilby may near drive us to despair; But the better days are coming, and we'll do away with care As we sit out on the bleachers and yell and whoop and shout As the pitcher for the home team strikes Three Men Out.

No night was ever yet so dark that morning did not come.

All officers in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry must hereafter learn telegraphy.

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